VORTIGERN AND ROWENA;

A

COMI-TRAGEDY.

S. Gosnell, Printer,
Little Queen Street, Holborn.

PASSAGES

SELECTED

BY DISTINGUISHED PERSONAGES,

ON THE

GREAT LITERARY TRIAL

OF

VORTIGERN AND ROWENA;

A Comi-Tragedy.

" WHETHER IT BE—OR BE NOT FROM THE IMMORTAL PEN OF SHAKSPEARE?"

VOLUME II.

SEVENTH EDITION.

—— " Open me a huge Wardrobe aboundinge in motlie habittes, and " marke howe fantasticallie poore mortals will arraie themselves!"

VORT. and ROW.

LONDON:

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1807.

BRITISH MUSEUM

IRELAND *verſus* SHAKESPEAR!!!

By the COURT.

IT having been effectually argued, and demurred on the part of the DEFENDANT, that no queſtionable points of *Literature*, any more than queſtionable points of law, can in *equity* be preſſed to an haſty deciſion;

It is Ordered, that the VERDICT be not received, on this important cauſe, until the whole SUFFRAGES, already tendered, or intended to be tendered, in ſaid cauſe, be duly received, and ſolemnly recorded!

POLONIUS

Die Veneris 12°, 1796.

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PASSAGES

SELECTED AS SUFFRAGES ON THE TWENTY-FOURTH DAY's TRIAL.

CI.—Earl of M—RA.

"—Commende me to a buſie COUNT for a buſtlinge "worlde! One minute will he wooe you gallantlie at a "faire Dame's toilette on his humble knee—and flie the "next to bende a prouder creſte than his owne, in the "face of the Lordes Senate-houſe!—You may always "meete SERASKIN at one turn or other of human ex- "tremes. He will with zeale overflowinge ſtop to pleade "the cauſe of the poore captive, while conveying the "gauge of honourable defiance to a proude PRINCE in "aide of one, whom chaunce has *barred* from *regal blood!* "—Fight will he himſelfe moſt manfullie; but, as you "prize the credit of his valoure, let it be done under his "own guidance ſpecial.—Punctilious is he as noble; ſo "that he will fence with the Sages of his Sov'raine's "Council untill the moone's at the full, upon the ſenſe "conſtructive of their own decrees!—Such outwarde "workinges ſway this compound man, whoſe minde "within moves but for others goode, which dothe his "owne felicitie embrace!"

PAGE 321.—GENUINE.

CII.—Mrs. M—NT—GU.

" Marry, goode Dame! but you maie well deride the " partial boones of Nature, when a left-handed imitation " of tafte dothe ſo currentlie counterfeite her handi- " workes!—With the redundance of mortal frailties " eſtabliſh me thy faire fame on matchleſs ſingularitie! " —Criticiſe where thou can'ſt not comprehend; and " ſatirize where the weak worlde doth fooliſhlie admire. " —Like the matron of *Mantua*, garter thy partie-co- " loured leg below the knee; and mount on the liftes " of meeke-eyed Charitie, by feedinge with dates and " dainties one day in the Kalendar, all the footie race of " Chimnie-ſweepinge boyes, that they may enjoie the " luxurie of their harde fate through the remainder of " the yeare!"

PAGE 123.—*Not* GENUINE.

CIII.—Earl of B—LF—ST.

" Methinks, good STEPHANO, thoſe of my father's " houſe did take me for a *Bulle* of *Iriſhe* extraction; for " they ſet curs to bait *me* into madneſs, while more " tenderlie did they ſelect an ambling *Scotte*, of *Gallowaye* " breed, for the merriment of my junior brother!—But " ſince they drove me to the altar of ſacrifice, I did ad- " venture to take with me a help-meet, and there, with " the aide of pious Prieſt, I made my maiden * BELLE " *faſte*, by a knot tied with my tongue, which dothe " now challenge all their wiſe wittes to untie againe " with their teethe!"

PAGE 63.—*Not* GENUINE.

* Dr. PARR, *whom the fortunate* Mr. IRELAND *has named* EDITOR *elect, for this unique Comi-Tragedy, threw down his pipe, when he came to this miſerably begotten* PUN, *and owned himſelf for the moment, a* DISSENTER *from the new* SHAKSPEREAN *faith!*

CIV.—C——ſs of * * * * * *.

" Why was KARKMENA prodigalie ſtored
" With all the wiles which wanton rounde her ſexe,
" But to diſplaie in peering womanhoode
" Supremacie's fell power? Oh, marke ye well
" Howe ſhe dothe turne meeke Nature in her courſe;
" Make diadems the royal temples chafe;
" Tie with a buſie hande the gordian knotte
" Of others love, that ſhe (of human woe,
" Inſatiate deſtinie) may cut in twaine
" The ſilken ligatures of mortal bliſſe!
" Her features with her voice are well attuned,
" True to the varyinge miſchiefes of her minde!
" Like the firſt poliſh'd *Serpente*, that ſeduced
" The eaſie faithe of ADAM's wedded love,
" A more than Angel's form ſhe can aſſume,
" And wooe in ſeraph ſtraines the creature doom'd
" To drinke the dulcet poiſon of her tongue,
" And fall her 'guiled ſacrifice!"

PAGE 187.—GENUINE.

TWENTY-FIFTH DAY's TRIAL.

CV.—Colonel C—WTH—NE.

" ——Varniſhe me doublie over by a ſpecial Courte
" of Law Martial, or no more weare I a coate of maile
" i' the King's tented fielde!—I have gone about to indite
" me a ſpeeche that ſhall be-puzzle the bie-ſtanders,
" and confounde the clumſie imagination of mine enemie!
" —Let him doe now as he liſte, I may defie his malice
" to make me more or leſſe, than the thinge in veritie I
" am!—To mine owne bright valoure am I indebted as
" a man of armes!—I have ſeene much powder waſted
" on a ſun-ſhinie day!—thankes to my genius in the arte
" of war, I am alſo right converſant i' the quick step
" to the retreate, and, by an eare refined, I now can nice
" diſtinction make, betwixte the " *Dinner Tattoo*," and
" *Go to bed, Tom!*"

PAGE 51.—GENUINE.

CVI.—Lady E—— B—NG—M.

" Oh fie, my quondam *Coz. of Norfolk!*—Did you not
" practiſe on my girliſhe vanitie, when I was depicted
" the fair SHEBA to your Grace's wiſer SOLOMON?—
" You told me I was then " in all my glorie;" but,
" alack, no ſooner did they taunte me with the honours
" they conferred, than my weake woman's frailtie rebelled
" againſt the *bloode* of HOWARD's loftie race!—Why did
" I ſweare to love the man by others eyes thus choſen?
" —With ſoules as much at variance as our faithe, what
" could I better, than the latter loſe, to ſave the former,
" and breake the odious webbe, wherein, like fillie flie,
" I was unwittinglie enſnared?"

PAGE 77.—*Not* GENUINE.

CVII.—Sir F—— B—LL—R.

" This trottinge from Courte to Courte, terme after " terme, befittes not my humour well!—But ſince I am " ſworne an Adminiſtrator of the Lawes, I will ſee them " moſt wholeſomelie diſpenſed to all offendinge crea- " tures, male and female!—The knaves incorrigible will " I ſtringe like ropes of onions; and to teache conjugal " obeiſance to womankind, their meaſure of chaſtiſement " will I decree to be dealt at their huſbandes handes by " the *Rule of* THUMBE!"

PAGE 94.—GENUINE.

CVIII.—Lady CAROLINE C—MPB—LL.

" I did a plaine untitled man eſpouſe,
" (With wealthe, like his own mountaines high amaſſed)
" That I might lead the pliante huſbande bounde
" To vaſſalage eterne!—To me he lockes
" With lowlie eye, as to the ſacred founte
" From whence his borrowed luſtre is derived.—
" Whene'er I deign to commune—'tis not oft—
" His greedie eare mine accents dothe devoure,
" As falling from anointed dignitie!
" He, with the prating worlde, preſumes to ſaie,
" That I am ſhaped and featured in the moulde
" Of Grecian lovelineſs:—but, lineallie trained
" Above the incenſe of the lower ſpheres,
" See how I ſoare beyond poor mortals' praiſe,
" In proude ſupremacie of ſtate!"

PAGE 11.—GENUINE.

TWENTY-SIXTH DAY's TRIAL.

CIX.—Earl of EGR—M—T.

——— " When they made ſuch *Lordes* as this ſame " Compte *Hugolto*, they knewe their trade well, and " wrought with the beſt materials!—Marry, Sir, you " trace not him through the foiles, and doubles of your " Court purlieus, but finde him on his owne domaine, " like one who ſhrinks not at the Shrieve's officer, nor " feares the reproaches of a tenantrie tortured upon rack-" rentes!—Although the learned languages be as familiar " to him as plaine-dealing, he offends no unlettered man " with his *ecce homos!* or *tu quoques!*—The felicitie of " all Heaven's creatures is his delighte, and the voice of " gratitude attends it—even his houndes challenge him " at viewe, on the ſcore of his benevolence!—Whatever " be the portion of his failings, the frailtie of man's " nature will reaſonably account for it!"

PAGE 165.—GENUINE.

CX.—Counteſs of Es——x.

——— " On her viſit to *Algieres*, they did elect her " Empreſs of the gaudie *Maccaws!*—ſince which, plumes, " and cheekes of various hues, have mightlie adorned " her!—After this, the doctrines of * *painted paſte-boards* " did ſhe eſtudie under the learned *Jewes* in Paleſtine! " ſtrange trickes by ſlight of hande were then diſplaied " to thoſe her ſifterhoode, who croſſed her luckie palme " i' the ſillie hope of bettering their fortunes!—So that " with her Lorde's *Courte dealinges*, and her own dex- " terous dealinges in * *Courtlie paper*, they turne the worlde " right merrilie around them!"

PAGE 13.—*Not* GENUINE.

* " Painted paſte-boards"—" Courtlie paper."—*Mr.* CAPEL LOFT, *confeſſedly one of our moſt* old-faſhioned *Critics on the immortal Bard, ſays decidedly,* " *that theſe* " *two paſſages allude to the new art of gambling with* " CARDS, *which crept into* BRITAIN *at that period.*"—*We are apprehenſive, however, that the learned Commentator has here been guilty of a little anachroniſm, as* CARDS *were certainly invented in the year* 1390, *to divert the melancholy of* CHARLES VI. *then King of France.*

CXI.—The Duke of L—DS.

—— " In good truth he hathe been piouſlie nurtured; " for no ſooner did his fainted mother bring him forthe, " than falling found aſleepe, ſhe dreamed of ſucklinge his " infant Grace upon the *milkie way!* hence of Chriſtian " mildneſs doe all his manners gentlie ſmack.—And yet " he 'll quarrel not either with a *Grace*, or a *Muſe* of fire; " nay, he can whiſper a light thing gallantlie to a female " in the darke, and tag a *mendicant Epilogue*, to chaunte " an half-damned *Plaie-wrighte* out of the tortures of " purgation!"

PAGE 12.—*Not* GENUINE.

CXII.—Lady Gr—nv—le.

" Though fortune on her lovelie browe hath placed
" In proudeſt jewelrie the wreathe of ſtate,
" Marke with what grace upon her gentle breaſte
" The pearle of Chriſtian charitie appeares,
" More chaſtelie brighte, and radiantlie pure,
" Than all that Courtlie diadems diſplaie!"

Page 88.—Genuine.

TWENTY-SEVENTH DAY's TRIAL.

CXIII.—Sir P—P—R A—D—N.

—" Marrie, Sir, I picked not up my common lawe as " a pigeon dothe his peaſe, i' th' common fielde,—So " will I throwe away an opinion haſtilie for no man!— " As everie caſe in pointe hathe of neceſſitie two ſides, " ſo hathe your *libelle conſtitutional* its *texte*, and *contexte*; " out of which we ſometimes make a third—to witte— " your *mar-texte!*—But I do demean myſelfe to parlie " thus; becauſe it appertaineth unto me, as Maſter of " the *Rolles* to our truſtie Sov'raine Lorde the Kinge, " to ſee that on the proper ſide his royal *breade* be " gliblie *butter'd!*"

PAGE 12.—GENUINE.

CXIV.—Mrs. C—P—G—Y.

" She is as daintie a *wild-ducke* as ever haunted the " lake of a *decoy*—and, once on winge, arreft her giddie " flighte who can! She hath the witte moft wiſelie to " enacte whatever follie vanitie dothe ſette before her; " and a charitie ſo Chriſtian-like, that ſhe dothe barter " fine foode and raiment for the emptie ſcraps of ped- " dling poetaſters!—Muſique and ſarabands doe ſo in- " vite her, that, with her lattice open, ſhe 'll ſit through " moon-light nights, unmaſqued, to hear the ſtraines of " amorous ſerenaders, and come forthe next morn the " *Arch'reſs* DIAN, diſplaieing a leg moſt continentlie " buſkined! Oh, Sir, ſo rarelie dothe ſhe plaie theſe " prettie prankes, that halfe the gapeinge worlde are " cheated in beliefe that they have ſeen one angel upon " earthe *Stark* mad!"

PAGE 29.—*Not* GENUINE.

CXV.—Earl of M————D.

—" To moulde a ſturdie race of mortal men, you " muſt faſhion them from materials coarſe and impene- " trable!—Let there be none, which the teare of dull- " eyed Charitie dothe melt to womanlie compaſſion;— " but imitate the Stoique fortitude of him, whoſe breaſte " is harder than a ten weekes froſte, and which no human " breathe e'er thawed into benevolence!"

PAGE 103.—*Not* GENUINE.

CXVI.—Ducheſs of N—w—STLE.

" Oh, throughout Nature's workes, what havocke wilde
" Dothe one dire ſhafte of deſtinie ordaine!
" —If 'twere from ſtate alone that I had fallen,
" This breaſte had never ſwolne with griefe or care;
" But I am humbled from the crowned height
" Of wedded love, and, with my Lorde, have loſte
" All that a woman's harte could holde, or prize!"

PAGE 107.—GENUINE.

TWENTY-EIGHTH DAY's TRIAL.

CXVII.—Biſhop of R————R.

——— "I mette the prattling ABBOTTE of *Glaſton-*
"*burie*, juſt as he had gotten the thorne i' the fleſhe by
"meddling more buſilie with the *Lawe* than the *Goſ-*
"*pelle!* and though a preacher of *obedience paſſive* in
"other men, he bore the ſmart of his own ſufferings
"after the manner of the prieſthoode—intolerantlie!—
"He was clothed in *lambe*-ſkin throughout, ſignifying,
"I wotte, that he ſhould become *belle-wether* to the re-
"verend flocke.—Journieing a little onward, I eſpied
"me the counterfeit reſemblance of his worſhippe,
"*fagotted* at the public Market Croſſe, in full *pontifi-*
"*calibus!*—Marrie, quothe I, my neighbours, but this
"looketh like a *burninge ſhame*, to make ye of ſuch
"*combuſtible* HOLINESS, a lighte to lighten the Gen-
"tiles!"

PAGE 321.—GENUINE.

CXVIII.—Lady Mil—g—n.

"I praie you, deareſt mother, thinke again!
"You, as the childe of fortune, being 'trothed
"When the wilde hey-daie of the bloode was paſte,
"Knewe not, from croſſinge of a virgin love,
"A frenzie that no medicine can reache,
"Save Time's oblivious anodyne; and which
"Dothe ſpreade dire chillinges through the veines,
"To palſie life's enjoyment!"

Page 66.—*Not* Genuine.

CXIX.—Marquis of L—t—n.

—— "Time's chroniclers do tell us, that, practiſing "on the weakneſſe feminine of the Lorde UDROSCO, "the ſlie knaves o' th' *Courte* cajoled him to holde the "darkened lanthorne, while they did trie to filche the "diadem from the browe of their ſicke Maſter. After-"wards he was ſo bedazzled by this peeringe of a meteor "lighte, as to follow it o'er unſounde ſoile, where in "bogge and penance dothe he ſtill remaine, far from the "ray of riſing, or of ſettinge ſunne!"

PAGE 22.—GENUINE.

CXX.—Mrs. N——TH.

——— " Saie, who hath ſeene
" GERSTINA, late from *Mantua* return'd!
" I marvel if her travaile hathe caſte off
" The midnight 'witcheries of luſtful *plaie*,
" Which held her minde by faſcination bounde?—
" Or if th' incautious care of vanitie
" By prudence hathe been wiſelie ſealed againſt
" The dulcet poiſon of a flatterer's tale?
" Thus error's wayward pathe may be trod backe,
" And grace attend the foote-ſteps yet to come!"

PAGE 54.—*Not* GENUINE.

TWENTY-NINTH DAY's TRIAL.

CXXI.—Alderman L—SH——N.

—— " More headſtrong are theſe fellowe *Cittes*
" of mine, than ſo manie Spanniſhe mules unbitted !—
" They delighte themſelves as muche in a roaſted *Alder-*
" *manne* on their huſtinges, as a barbicued pigge in the
" cramminge ides of November !—And here am I, the
" repreſentative ſworne of ſuch gluttonizing varlettes;
" compelled to bow to theſe ſtockes obeiſantlie, or be
" diſmiſſed their Senate-ſervice !—make ſtrange ſpeeches
" to amuſe their wilde-gooſe fancies !—eate with them
" through firlines colde, and paſties hotte !—nay *eate mine*
" *own wordes* till they nearlie choake me, and all will
" not content them !—A plague on ſuch ſervitude, ſaie I,
" where our men of *Liverie* doe lorde it o'er their betters,
" and keepe their *Civicke* Maſters thus at painful watch,
" and warde !"

PAGE 76.—*Not* GENUINE.

CXXII.—Lady JOHN T———D.

——— " For durance ſhorte
" *Aſtrina*'s radiancie was in eclipſe,
" Like the faire plannette of a clouded ſphere ;
" But when her diſke unveiled againe its orbe,
" Forthe ſhotte its ſtream of lighte, and purer ſhone,
" To everie eye that gazed upon her beautie!"

PAGE 83.—GENUINE.

CXXIII.—PRINCE LASC——s.

—— "Pooh! pooh!—Nature could never "mean, in wanton mockerie, to ſtampe me ſo like "the thinge in veritie I am not!—Sir, I was ſmuggled "from my *cradle royal* in the unfortunate hour of dark- "neſſe.—But, be that as it maie, each line of this faire "face ſomething *majeſtique* dothe denote; for women far "and neare doate fondlie on my PRINCELIE *ſeeming!*— "Theſe finde it on my bloominge cheeke!—ſome in the "noſe of *regal* arche!—and others in each looke, and "lineament, that marke ſuperior birthe!—nay, there "are thoſe, who doe diſcern ſimilitude of our *Houſe* i' the "leathern veſt that dothe my rear environ!—True it is, "that all theſe dignities are but ill provided for by ſub- "ject-like revenues: yet muſt they be uphelde; for "who, yclep'd the ſhadowe of a *Prince*, could baſelie "crouch beneathe the ſlender ſubſtance of a *Gentle-* "*man!*"

PAGE 2.—*Not* GENUINE.

CXXIV.—Counteſs of Ex——r.

—— "Alacke! is lordlie grandeur nought
"but this,—to live thus under vaulted roofes, too vaſte
"for human wantes, and ſee poore folke pent up in
"heapes 'neath ſtrawleſs houſeings?—When they did
"tell me I was to be a Ladie noblie happy, I did expecte
"to holde more frequent commune with this worlde's
"peace; but, well a daie! time paſt I ſaw more inno-
"cencie 'mid the lowlie walkinges of my father's
"ſheepe, than now I finde through all the hurley-
"*Burleigh* ſcenes of proude man's race!"

PAGE 12.—GENUINE.

THIRTIETH DAY's TRIAL.

CXXV.—Duke of GL———R.

" Lo! there walkes forthe the mildeft DUKE in *Milan!*
" But that I knowe the ſtuffe of which he 's made,
" One might have ſworne it on the croſſe
" The Deſtinies had tied him to a diſtaffe!
" Though he ne'er vaulted on th' embattled plaine,
" He hathe a ſoule beſtirringe him to armes,
" Leagued with the ſocial ſoftneſſe of a minde
" That joies in human peace.—No Courte caballes,
" Nor feudes of mal-contents doe him delighte:
" So to a PRINCE, thus lifting up the MAN,
" My harte right willinglie dothe pay obeiſance!"

PAGE 77.—GENUINE.

CXXVI.—Hón. T. O—sl—w.

——"I charge you, fellowes, lay not un-
"courtlie handes on me!—Should you finde me not
"the ſofte ſleepie ſonne of a *Bedchamber* Lorde, toſſe
"me in a Tailor's blankette!—Though I maie lacke
"vaſte poſſeſſions of landes and beeves, I am a huge in-
"heritor of pride, and that 's enough for me:—ſo looke
"too 't—for he muſt have more follie than doth apper-
"tain to my ſhare who contends with the firſt begotten
"of a race, ſo riche in oſtentation human!"

Page 65.—Genuine.

CXXVII.—Mrs. M—lls.

———"And this be a Lorde's manſion, I'd "have you to knowe, that I and mine have beene "houſed in a better!—We knewe what was what before "we did departe from *Merrie Wakefielde* to joine the "Londonne Gentrie!—My goode man, and it like your "Ladieſhip, was a *clothier*, and ſo it bechanced that I "became ſo marvelouſlie dreſſed!—For my parte, I like "everie thinge that is goode for the outſide, as well as "within; and the beſt will be the beſt, after all!—"Small as I appeare, and little as your Ladieſhip maie "think it, I am worthe no leſſe than ten thouſand du-"cattes, ſimplie as I ſtand apparelled before you!"

Page 24.—*Not* Genuine.

CXXVIII.—Mrs. Br—st—w.

" By whim, or deſtinie, eſtrang'd from him
" Right heritor of all ſhe hathe to give
" Of well-ſtored conſtancie, or wedded love,
" O! guarde her from the wiles which lurke arounde
" The zone of unprotected womanhoode,
" And ſhewe how gracefullie, in modeſt miene,
" Maternal habbittes do befitte her ſexe.
" Still ſoaringe in her ſphere, ſo maie this *Starre*
" Which from the East hathe made its dazzlinge courſe,
" Serenelie ſette within our weſterne clime!"

Page 84.—Genuine.

THIRTY-FIRST DAY's TRIAL.

CXXIX.—The Lord M—y—r.

——— "This *Sir* Knighte that would be, was a "thrivinge baker of unleavened biſcuite, and his counte- "nance being combuſtiblie inclined, did take much fire at "the mouthe of his own oven!—He banquetted fumptu- "ouſlie whole troopes of *Courtiers*, in veſſels of fretted "ſilver, in honour of his own nativitie, while poore men "were crying aloud for bread-corne, which they were "forbidden to taſte, and therefore lamented the houre "they were born!—His fellowe Cittes did proclaim in "waggerie that he was himſelf but ſlacklie baked; but "that heeded he not, while he could contrive to gette a "goodlie cutte at the Loafe of State, and thence lay up "in ſtore, the crumbes of his owne comforte!"

Page 49.—*Not* Genuine.

CXXX.—Earl of Orf—d.

——— " Why ſhoulde they make any one of God's " fraile creatures a mightie man againſt his wille, when " ſo many packes of hungrie knaves are huntinge nighte " and daie for lordlie honoures!—A title is to me no " more than a potte of ſounding mettal is when tied " perforce to a poor curre's taile, and which, with all " his mighte, he cannot ſhuffle off!—I had rather be " an indentured binder of bookes, and ſtiche mine owne " workes in humble coveringe of vellum, than the pa- " ramount *Duke* in *Paleſtine*, enrobed in golde, and er- " mine!"

Page 78.—*Not* Genuine.

CXXXI.—Lady M—LB—NE.

——— "I marvelle how the *Lady* ELIBERT, who "hathe ſeen *Time*'s hour-glaſſe ſo oft turned o'er, dothe "ſtille maintaine thoſe lookes of lovelineſſe without "abatement!—One might as ſoone ſtand the forked "flaſhes of a fierie ſkie ſans blinkinge, as the autumnal "radiance of her eye without thinking of the fruite for- "bidden!—If theſe meteors be permitted to holde ſo "longe a courſe, what honeſt man's harte throughout "*Meſſina* can be helde in reaſonable ſubjection?"

PAGE 123.—GENUINE.

CXXXII.—Lady BRIDGET T—LL—M—CHE.

"Armed with the pointed wiles of woman's witte,
"Earlie the phantome *Pleaſure* I have chaced
"Through all her anticke roundes; and if, perchance,
"The 'witchinge fugitive I did approache,
"I lack'd the ſkille her fleetinge courſe to ſtaie!
"—The chequered variance of wedded life
"Nexte ruled this giddie harte of mine, and gave
"Abundantlie of joie and griefe!—Though laſte,
"Too ſoone came *Sorrowe*, with a clouded ſkie,
"To marke the mother's melancholie fate,
"Who on one darlinge bliſſe had ſealed her hope,
"And, ere it bloomed, behelde it torne away!"

PAGE 56.—GENUINE.

THIRTY-SECOND DAY's TRIAL.

CXXXIII.—Sir JAMES M—— P—LT—Y.

" Tell me, *Belloſtern*, did I not delineate their militarie
" exploites on the Continente, with marvellous circum-
" ſtantiation? When we were cuffed like frogges acroſſe
" the dykes o' the Low Countries, ſente I not over cou-
" riers to them of victories atchieved, and i' the face of
" the Senate, vouched I not the veritie of mine own
" Commentaries?—And howe for all thoſe deedes have
" they repaide me? I aſked but to be ennobled after the
" manner of others of like deſerts, when they did re-
" nounce my ſuite who profitted of my ſervice; ſo that
" I was compelled to become the founder of mine owne
" honours, by creating myſelfe a Knighte of the BATHE!"

PAGE 66.—GENUINE.

CXXXIV.—Mrs. H—ST—GS.

—— " Marke me that fictionne fretted on the clothe
" in golde, and prieftlie purple! A tale it is in veritie,
" though here by holie fabulifte proclaimed!—She on the
" righte, with precious jewelrie bedecked, is the 'witch-
" ing *Sheba*, who roſe and journied with the Sunne, to
" viſitte *Solomon* in all his glorie!—To winne him o'er
" to Eaſtern dalliance, ſee howe her pliante bodie ſhe
" dothe bende ev'n to the grounde ſhe ſprang from!—
" and lo! her eyes by baſſeliſques bequeathed, do rivette
" on his frame the ſilke-worme chaine ſhe wroughte for
" his enthraldomme!"

PAGE 100.—*Not* GENUINE.

CXXXV.—Alderman B—K W—TS—N.

" My Warde of * *Coblers*, revengeful of the *fin* I loſte, " are ſworne devourers of the jowles of *Codde*, with " ſhoulders huge 'pertaininge!—Theſe ſimple knaves of " gluttonie, but little wotte that I did tempte the " prowlinge *Sharke* to plaie with me i' the waters, that " I mighte learne of him voracious artes aright;—and " howe, like this purveyor of the deepe, to boulte what- " ever floated tempting to the eye!—I heede not then the " ſhapeful limbe I loſte—for, down the jawe capacious " of a *Greenlande Whale* alike the gorged PROPHET " would I hoppe, ſo I might gaine more worldlie wiſ- " dome by the dreade deſcente!"

PAGE 22.—*Not* GENUINE.

* *If we may credit Mr.* IRELAND, *his* Coufin SHAKSPEARE *took an averſion to* Shoemakers, *and therefore he lets fly this ſarcaſtic arrow at the* CIVIC MOTE *of* CORDWAINERS!

CXXXVI.—Mrs. B—RW—L.

——— " Full well I knowe
" That men in piece-meales have their hartes compoſed
" To feede th' impaſſioned appetites they meet;
" But ſaie, ſhall I diſcharge my wedded vowe,
" When with his fraile infirmities I tooke
" This feeble Lorde of mine, and fondlie ſwore
" Even at the altarre's foote, I would endure them?
" Then let not malice multiplie miſdeedes
" To 'tract my aching eye, which faine would turne
" To gaze on what his virtues do illumine!"

PAGE 134.—GENUINE.

THIRTY-THIRD DAY's TRIAL.

CXXXVII.—Princeſs AMELIA.

——— "The regalle VINE
"Gives thus her lafte faire bloſſomme to the ſunne,
"E'en while its honoured branches doe diſplaie
"Ripe cluſters temptinge to the luſcious eye!
"Paſſe chillinge elements ſerenelie o'er,
"And leave no pallid blighte with power to tainte
"Such lovelie promiſe of autumnal fruite!"

PAGE 77.—GENUINE.

CXXXVIII.—Major-General M—c——d.

" I knowe the ſavage HUNTER well; like his owne
" HOUNDES he dothe himſelfe delighte in *human bloode!*
" When he let ſlip his thirſtful dogges of warre, he did
" inſultinglie denounce my *northerne* noſe as not well-
" ſenſed for the fielde! therefore, as village curre, muſt
" I purſue, and yelpinge marre the chace I cannot ſhare!"

PAGE 54—*Not* GENUINE.

CXXXIX.—Lady D—d—y and W—d.

—"Touchinge at the famed Iſland of *Madeira*, the na-
"tives did courte her Excellencie to ſojourne there, fan-
"cieing that their vintage might purple more richlie
"under her roſeate influence! On this we gave our
"canvaſſe to the windes, leſt our own *Britain* might it-
"ſelf be ſpoiled of a countenance, which argufied the
"better deedes of the *goode creature!*"

PAGE 100.—*Not* GENUINE.

CXL.—Mr. Wh—tb—d, Sen.

——— "This is he, who dothe an oylie beverage "compounde, to cheere the honeſt vaſſalles of our iſle! "Of liquor ſtoute he hoops ye countleſſe caſkes; though "he makes no *if*, nor *butte*, in which to bung up his "benevolence. He hathe a harte ſo faire abroache to "ſilent charitie, that never can it reache the lees;— "nay, looke at his verie beaſtes of burden!—do they not "ſhine out the kindlie ſemblance of their maſter's face "upon the poliſhed ſurface of their well-fed ſkinnes?"

Page 23.—Genuine.

THIRTY-FOURTH DAY's TRIAL.

CXLI.—Right Hon. T. H—RL—Y.

"Well have they ſtamped VIRGISTERN father of "the capitalle, whoſe heade *Dan* TIME has ſilvered "o'er ſo honourablie in theire ſervitude! Unlike the "cloudie-witted Cittes his fellowes, he taketh not his "ſleepe and foode as dull provocatives to eache other's "joie; for, his commercial duties done, he hies him to "the noble culture of his ſoile, and thus ſtandes he ad- "mired in eache, the civicke championne, and the ruralle "Lorde!"

PAGE 38.—GENUINE.

CXLII.—Marchioneſs of D—N—G—L.

" I'd ſooner trundle turnippes through the ſtreetes,
" Than beare menne's weakneſſes at ſecond hande
" Withoute the *Nurſe*'s cordial ſpice of gaine.
" She is alone *ſteppe-mother*, who o'er-ſteppes
" The punie offſpringe of a former race,
" And bends them to that claſſe ſubmiſſivelie,
" Where *Follie* lookes to finde her elder-borne!"

PAGE 3.—*Not* GENUINE.

CXLIII.—Mr. M. A. T—L—R.

——— " Trulie I was in lucke's way in havinge a
" father begotten before me!—yet what in mine infancie
" he did kindlie treaſure up, cunninge menne would
" nowe beguile me of in manhoode!—No ſooner had
" I ta'en the wrinkles out of theſe poore varlettes ſkinnes
" by wholeſome provender, than they began to whet
" their wittes upon the coarſeneſſe of my kitchen diette!
" Marrie, one of theire *Stage Punneſters* did aſke me, an
" I were not *Bodie* TAYLOR to ST. MICHAEL and all his
" ANGELS?—Moreover they did deride the golden archi-
" tecqture of my Sire, and woulde faine have pulled
" downe with wantonne handes, what he, with *hodde*
" and *trowelle*, did ſo marvelouſlie pile up!—So thought
" I fitte to breake with them, left, by the friendlie pro-
" digalitie of ſuch hungrie knaves, I ſhould myſelfe be
" broken!"

PAGE 99.—GENUINE.

CXLIV.—Lady AUGUSTA CL—V——G.

" Courtes marr'd ROWENA not: though ſhininge there
" Preeminentlie graced, ſhe onlie ſighed
" To winne one inmate to her conſtante harte,
" And owne him Lorde of all her life to come!
" Her maiden hope fulfilled, how well ſhe wore
" The pure, unſullied habitte of a wyfe!
" Which Nature form'd to ſitte ſo lovelie on her!—
" Nexte came a motherre's newe, and deare delightes,
" When to her younge inherittores ſhe gave
" All the delicious ſtores of love twice tolde
" Which, in careſſes from their manlie Sire,
" She doatinglie had treaſured up!"———

PAGE 55.—GENUINE.

THIRTY-FIFTH DAY's TRIAL.

CXLV.—M—q—s of B—K—H—M.

" Upon the oiley ſurface of this lande
" Have I ſo rolled, and hugelie fattened,
" That my owne ponderous *temples* 'gin to ache
" With the exceedinges of ſo vaſte a ſurfeite!
" Nowe with a minde amphibiouſlie formed,
" I pine for other elements, and faine
" Would ſwaye a lordlie ſceptre o'er the deepe,
" That in this liquid voide quite uncontrouled,
" A dreade *Leviathanne* I there might move!"

PAGE 66.—*Not* GENUINE.

CXLVI.—Lady E——TH R—CK—TS.

" I doe remember me, a faire, and noble maiden of " *Padua*, ſo envied for her beautie, that ſome of her owne " ſexe did chronicle againſt her lovelineſſe, tideings, falſe, " as they were foule! but, in good ſoothe, Juſtice did " amende her damaged fame with ſo rounde a ſumme in " duckattes, that ſhe was conſtrained to call a *huſ-* " *bande* in to counte them!—marry, from hence it wag- " giſhlie was ſaid, that her Ladieſhip did drawe her " *wedding ſheetes* from out the *libertie of our preſſe!*"

PAGE 117.—GENUINE.

CXLVII.—Vice-Admiral C—NW——S.

—— "That ſame bluſtering *Ocean*, let me tell you, "Neighbour, breedes us a fewe odde monſters, as trouble-"ſome as itſelfe!—It is an element on which the "circumnavigators of our Sovereign Lorde doe ſaile "too ofte in chace of their owne phantaſies! Some, "like the moodie animals in *Noah*'s daies, you can-"not drive on boarde their barque with pitch-forkes; "while others, muleiſhlie inclined, will hardlie quitte "the *mountain* ARKE when it be ſtranded!"

PAGE 117.—GENUINE.

CXLVIII.—Lady Sm—h B—g—ss.

" Soone as my huſbande's trafficke i' th' Easte
" Diſplaied with gilding raies a riſing ſunne,
" And bent the worlde's baſe worſhippers before it,
" On his new wheele of fortune did I rolle
" Within the giddie circles of the greate
" To all mankind's amazement!—Reſtleſs there,
" I deale my aires fantaſticallie rounde,
" Pledged by inſatiate vanitie to prove
" What golde, with female frontlette unappalled
" In imitative grandeure may atchieve!"

Page 10.—*Not* Genuine.

THIRTY-SIXTH DAY's TRIAL.

CXLIX.—Lord M—LD—N.

" In theſe ariſtocratique daies, 't is well there be ſome " *littel* LORDES, who can deviſe the meanes to make " themſelves *leſſe:* ſuch are your fillie knaves, who, " ſetting not their hartes on aught ſubſtantial, will bar- " ter you the charmes of a delectable miſtreſſe for the " more fleetinge ſemblance of a *Prince*'s favour!—Theſe " fellowes, without the ſpirit to protect a woman, " will provoke you one of our moſt puiſſante Lordes to " ſingle combatte, and after all he toucheth not his dou- " blette, though it be ſwollen out as huge as an *Iſling-* " *towne* hayſtacke!"

PAGE 3.—GENUINE.

CL.—D——ſs of M——LB——GH.

" Go prate of meeke humilitie to thoſe
" Whoſe neckes are form'd to bende beneathe her yoke!
" I have a creſte that gracefullie denotes
" A high, and loftie minde, which ſcorns to view
" Poore vulgar mortals crawling underneathe,
" Thoſe inſectes of a lower worlde, ordain'd
" To be by higher orders trodden down!"

PAGE 100.—*Not* GENUINE.

CLI.—Sir W—TK—N L—W—S.

" I have kepte my Sabbathes in potte houſes to a ſcur-
" vie tune, if theſe varlette Citizens, whom I have ſo
" nightlie drenched, do turne their ungrateful tailes upon
" me, now that my *Welch ale* is upon the lees!—But I
" will hie me to the lordlie ruler of our iſle, and aſke of
" him, whom I have followed through thicke and thinne,
" whether my deſerts do entitle me to no better fate
" than to be turned up like a worn-out gander, to ſtarve
" upon a common!"

PAGE 73.—*Not* GENUINE.

CLII.—C—ſs of Ch—m—d—y.

" Come, cheerilie, ſweete Madam, ſtill I ſaie!
" Theſe truante *Lordes* of ours will have their bente
" Though we our ſwelling hartes do ſigh to attomes!
" 'Tis not weake woman's praiers, nor teares will turne
" The looſe, and riot courſe of him ſhe loves,
" Nor breake, alas! the *Circe* ſpelles of thoſe
" Who doe by blandiſhments libidinous
" Entice the better parte of us away!"

Page 22.—Genuine.

THIRTY-SEVENTH DAY's TRIAL.

CLIII.—Sir JOHN H—PSL—Y.

—"The nurſe who firſt proclaimed my goodlie *noſe*
"muſt have predicted unwiſelie, for it has led me
"on a wrong ſcent from it's nativitie to the preſent daie!
"If men's wives did marvelle in admiration of it in my
"youthe, their witleſſe Lordes were ſett upon their guard
"by this precurſor of my approach! and now 't is
"dwindled to a gibeing ſtocke for the honourable *Virgin-*
"*nes of the Courte* to giggle at!—Since I have commenced
"Courtlie *Sir*, our witcrackers have cudgelled me with
"mine own weapons; nay the *holie Pontiffe*'s bleſſing has
"availed me nought in the honours it procured, for my
"conſtituents have laughed this *bloodie hand* to ſcorne,
"becauſe, forſoothe, they found it not *bleede freelie!*"

PAGE 63.—*Not* GENUINE.

CLIV.—Lady H—G—ST—N.

" Praie thee, offende mine acheing eare no more
" With fillie praiſes of a rural *Springe*;
" Painte not to me her milke-maides ruddie cheekes,
" Her bleating flockes—or birdes that tuneleſſe ſing:
" From theſe my better fate, quick let me flie
" Into the flattering hauntes of polliſhed men,
" Where gailie bloome our ſexe's deare delightes,
" Which, oft as pluckt, doe inſtant budde anewe!"

PAGE 77.—GENUINE.

CLV.—Duke of Q——ss——y.

" That can be no other than the *Compte Falſteinberg*,
" who ſtill wears the gaie doublette of youthe, for having
" wreſtled ſo long with Gaffer *Time* without a falle!
" He hath ſo beſhattered the optical nerve of his nether
" eye, by gazing beautie from it's countenance, that it
" latelie went out like a ſmall lighte in a ſtrong
" winde!—Nowe puts he more confidence in *Women*,
" and but little in *Princes*, thinking hereby to leade a
" life that is uprighte, and Chriſtian-like! Although
" infirmities manifolde do beſette him, the milke of
" human kindneſſe flows ſo rounde his weather-beaten
" harte, that when the ballance of his frail account is
" ſtrucke, his follies ſhall weigh but as a feather,
" light againſt him!"

PAGE 34.—GENUINE.

CLVI.—Mrs. M. A. T—YL—R.

" In holie bandes no ſooner was ſhe trothed,
" Than the gaie flattering worlde did buzze around
" Her matchleſs ſhape in adoration wilde!
" Men ſwore her pictured ſemblance ill diſplaied
" The peering beauties of her lovelie forme;
" —That Nature robed in ſuch divinitie
" No mimicke artifice could ever trace!
" Theſe tales with calme indifference ſhe heard,
" Nor deign'd to give one ſofte approving glance
" For all this prodigalitie of praiſe!
" Thus *mightie* prov'd ROWENA's wedded love,
" To guarde the honour of her *littel* Lorde!"

PAGE 243.—GENUINE.

THIRTY-EIGHTH DAY's TRIAL.

CLVII.—The P——— of ———.

" If I 'm apparent heire to fov'raigne power,
" Why not my lordlie wille ride paramounte
" O'er all the narrowe limmittes of men's mindes?
" Oweing to nought obedience, who, like me,
" Can *woman*'s ſhiftinge weakneſſes controule—
" To fonde allegiance bende her yielding harte,
" In adoration, or in feare?—From her
" Let tribute firſt in *love* be dulie paide,
" A fruitful homage nexte, in ſighes, and teares!"

PAGE 1.—*Not* GENUINE.

CLVIII.—Mrs. St—t.

"Goe, *Gertrude*, and informe my Lorde the Kynge's "Chiefe Juſtice, that though a weake, and ſillie woman, "I doe defie the power of his denunciations legal!—Tell "him to boote, that, malgre his *bar*-points, I muſt have "nightlie a *cocke* on my *carde*, though I do pennance for "it by forfeiture of goodes, and chattalles! If his Lord-"ſhip dothe ſaie trulie that I have loſt the ſenſe of ſhame, "I can looke for it through any wooden * telleſcope in "the face of the worlde, without further expenditure of "bluſhinge!"

Page 31.—Genuine.

* *Mr.* Steevens *ſays, this was an inſtrument called by the Saxons a* Pillorie; *intended both for corporeal puniſhment, and mental ſhame.*

CLIX.—Admiral Sir A—— G—RD——R.

——— "Avaſt, all handes!—I had rather repaſſe the "fire of the enemie's *line*, than be thus run *athwart* "*hauſer* by thoſe *land-lubbers* in the *choppes* of the "*channelle!*—A longe watche in ſo ſhort a ſea, belikes "me not! After bluffinge it to *windwarde* fifteen daies, "on the 13th P. M. we came to *rough anchorage* in the "ſtraites of *Convente-Gardenne*, where we might have "rode out the remainder of the gale; but ſeeing the "COMMODORE rowe his *jollie boate* ſo right a heade, we "douſed our *top-gallant ſail* to him, and finding our-"ſelves drifting hard upon the *black buoy* on the *flattes*, "piped all handes, to *cutte and run!*"

PAGE 100.—GENUINE.

CLX.—Lady M—N—RS.

" Why ſeeke ye, Sirs, the milde *Rowena* here?
" With the firſte ſmile of opening morne ſhe 'peared,
" And hied her forthe to viſitte *Dian*'s temple!
" There forms ſhe wreathes of flowrettes chaſtelie culled
" From flowinge numbers of her plaintive muſe,
" Sweetlie to decke faire *Fancie*'s hallowed ſhrine!"

PAGE 234.—GENUINE.

THIRTY-NINTH DAY's TRIAL.

CLXI.—Earl of C—v—y.

———" I doe ſtill prefer the rogueiſh twinkeling of an " hazel eye, to any other conſtellation; and yet the " ſpiteful jades reporte I am grown olde, and ebbing " faſte to dotage! Marry but it likes me not to fall " into the *vale of yeares*, becauſe poſſeſſion there is at " the will of another *Lorde*, and deathe the fine cer- " tain for the fee-ſimple of a ſinful life!—Were I not " to encounter in the other worlde, *wives*, and *doxies* " who have paid the debt of nature's frailties half a " centurie before me, I might not heede this journie- " ing hence; but to be clapper-clawed bothe here, " and hereafter, is a pennance too harde for any mortal " ſinning!"

PAGE 49.—GENUINE.

CLXII.—Miſs Sn—w.

"That faire embodied maſſe is one of the mountain "*Appenines*, for ever capt with *Snowe!* Whene'er the "Sunne dothe woo her with his ſmiles right luſtilie, "charmed with his warme embrace, ſhe melting yieldes "unto his wille, and then poures forthe a genial current "to the worlde belowe!"

PAGE 86.—*Not* GENUINE.

CLXIII.—Mr. Br—d—l.

"I knewe that whimſical Sir *Hugo* well, who waged "knighte-errantrie againſt his own ſweete peace! In "a ſunne-ſhinie day, one might ſee him, like an arrant "ſchoole-boy, making duckes and drakes with the fleet-"inge comfortes of human life! At other times would he "ſtand ſlip-ſhod at his lattice, to kicke the pureſt bleff-"inges from his threſholde! With ſo unreaſonable an-"eare for *muſique* was he born, that he would forſake "all the harmonies of his owne houſholde, only to carry "the cracked lute of a lewd minſtrel, from *Padua* to "*Verona!*"

Page 39.—Genuine.

CLXIV.—Lady ANN L—MB—N.

——— "Lowe on my bended knees I praie you pauſe,
"And viewe the dreadful precipice you neare
"With ſteppes unhallowed! Quick'ie tread them back,
"And *Time* oblivious ſoone ſhall raze them out.
"No longer let the proude, and parent ſource
"Attainte the leſſer veſſels of your bloode,
"To pour diſhonour foule on all our race!"

PAGE 104.—GENUINE.

FORTIETH DAY's TRIAL.

CLXV.—Sir G. P. T——R.

" Which meddling *Sir* among you, can fathome the " minde of a greate man by the ſhallowneſſe of his everie " daie underſtanding?—As to mine own ſelfe, let my " deedes challenge their paramount deſertes: am I not " political, comical, ſcientifical, pragmatical, naie per- " chance poetical, according to the quarterly variations of " *St. Dunſtan*'s chimes?—In the Senate, I doe ſpeake mar- " vellouſlie without booke; and, returning home, can, " upon a pinche, threade a needle for a faire ſempſtreſſe, " though I doe pricke my littel finger in the atchieve- " mente!—In a worde, I emploie the paſſing houres more " in wiſdom and ſound diſcretion, than any other of our " motlie Squires to be met with in *Salamanca!*"

PAGE 24.—GENUINE.

CLXVI.—Counteſs of G—r—d.

"Come, come, *Blanche*, on the worlde let us ſette its "proper value!—'tis this ſame wealthe dothe yielde to us "women, all that our little hartes ſo ſobbe, and ſighe for. "Marry, I tell thee, Girl, that *monie* is a *matche* as well as "*miſchiefe*-maker; for though it ſett half mankind at "loggerheades, it ſweetlie bindes the better parte in *golden-* "*bondage!*—Had my Lorde been even blinde to my at- "tractions perſonal, (which Heaven forbade), he had witte "enough at will to ſpie endowments in me, which out- "live the ſhort heighos of a bridal honie-moone!"

PAGE 186.—*Not* GENUINE.

CLXVII.—Lord D—L—V—L.

"A plague on theſe female muſquitoes!—why do they "keep buzzing about the fraile parte of man, after he is "paſte flie-blowing?—The jades know my weakneſſe, "and practiſe lafciviouſlie upon it: and yet the lees of life "are ſweetened only by their cajoleries!—Men, it ſeems, "have different taſtes and palates; for mine own parte, "I am for plaine ſauce to my pickled gurnette! give me "but a fine wenche and a fiddle, and conſign all the "witchinge *whoredoms* of BABYLON to my Lordes the "Bench of B——s!"

PAGE 77.—GENUINE.

CLXVIII.—Miſs K—p—l.

"How it has chanced, that loftie *Areſtine*
"Her colde and virgin courſe ſo long hath helde,
"None truly can deviſe. With airie pride
"Her wilde and light-hued treſſes ſtill do flowe
"In plaieful luxurie adown her necke,
"Enticing everie eye to wanton thither!
"Surelie a creature formed and featured thus,
"Should be enforced to leave the common-weale
"Some little ſemblance of her lovelie ſelfe!
"Yet is her harte ſo icicled around,
"That not the wooing breathe of all her ſlaves
"Can thawe one frozen ſighe, or grace her cheeke
"With one ſoft ſmile which *Love* might call his owne!"

Page 20.—Genuine.

FORTY-FIRST DAY's TRIAL.

CLXIX.—Biſhop of B———R.

——— " Pſhawe! my good Lorde of *Canterburie!*
" nowe are you grown more meeke, than trulie ſapient.
" If, for a little manual *batterie* in defence of our Holie
" *Churche*, they be ſuffered to *aſſault* me legallie—'t is
" well!—By St. Paule, I ſtretched out mine arme of
" fleſhe but to ſubdue the wratheful ſpirit of the ſinful
" man. In veritie he did refuſe ſalvation in mine own
" way, that I might humble him to the grounde, and
" thus from eternal bondage ſave him! Should they
" ſtill ſquib their pop-gun quidlibets at *niſi prius*—appeal-
" ing to our *Alma Mater*, I muſt bring her *Cannon Lawe*
" in my defence:—nay, and they more enchafe my mitred
" browes, *malgre* my wife's ſalt teares, by the maſſe,
" as *Abbotte* of BANGOR, but I will lay right luſtilie
" about me!"

PAGE 100.—GENUINE.

CLXX.—Lady W—L—GH—Y of E——BY.

"Sir, as in infant honours you are dreſſed,
"And that by mine owne hande, I pray you keepe
"Your name, and new-coined title, far aloofe
"From my long-blazoned fame!—Goe, proudlie gaze
"Upon your unfoiled *pattente*, cheaplie earned,
"And leave to me, your dignifieing wife,
"The thornie traverſes to higher grandeur!
"Mine be the politie to move between
"The love and hatred of a *royal pair*,
"And manage well their courtlie diſcontents.—
"With theſe, I charge you, intermeddle not,
"Leſt I, who out of nothinge made a *Lorde*,
"His Lordſhippe may annihilate againe!"

PAGE 34.—*Not* GENUINE.

CLXXI.—Sir G—DF—Y W———R.

——— "And you ſhould ſee Sir *Godbolde*'s pette "*Ewe* paſſe the mountaine, doe his Worſhippe a goode "turne, honeſt ſhepherde, and make reporte of her right "ſpeedilie!—The poore *Knight* hathe lamentablie loſt "in her, four quarters of as prettie muttone as ever "ſheepiſhlie looked *tuppe* i' th' face!—We doe marvel "what the murrain could aile her, unleſs ſhe was "ſtricken with the *gad-flie*, and argyle on our *Southerne* "*Downes*, could not decentlie contain herſelf!—Marry, I "doe fear at beſt ſhe will return to us too full of unlaw-"ful lambe, to be fit foode for any but FOXES to de-"voure!"

PAGE 20.—GENUINE.

CLXXII.—Hon. Miſs R——.

" Where hides the fell deſpoiler now his heade,
" On which the laurelles of licentious love
" Too longe have bloomed?—Baſe counterfeite of man,
" Saie, could thy luring harte no warfare wage
" But 'gainſt the virginne weakneſſe of our ſexe?
" Falſe to thy vowes in earlie wedlocke made,
" What from thy ripen'd perjuries could growe
" But blighted fruite our penitence to feede!
" Goe, monſter, baſelie deſtined to transforme
" A maiden's ſighs to imprecations wilde;
" Thy hauntes her ceaſeleſs curſes ſhall pervade,
" To tell thee what to villainy ſhe owes!"

PAGE 11.—*Not* GENUINE.

FORTY-SECOND DAY's TRIAL.

CLXXIII.—Earl of Er——l.

" As you are more ſharpe-witted than myſelfe, I do " ſubſcribe moſt voluntarilie to your opinion:—ſo thus " it ſimplie ſtandes:—' by foregoing my title, I am the " more entitled to be a Gentleman than when I was a " Lorde;'—for ſay you trulie, that *Gentlemen* were made " ere *Lordes* were created, or begotten; ergo, Lordſhips " were fabricated but to make new-fangled Gentrie, " which we, of *original* ſtocke, ſtand not in neede of. In " veritie then it is a problem moſt cleare, that I do think " it long till I am beridden of my Lordlie title, and be- " come the *prettie kinde of Gentleman* that you do de- " voutlie wiſh to ſee me!"

Page 113.—*Not* Genuine.

CLXXIV.—Lady A——KL——D.

" Goe,—from *Aſterna*'s perfect model forme
" Your patterned mothers to adorne the lande!
" By travaile oft endured, and hopes renewed,
" Her duties are ſo graven on her harte,
" That no alluring blandiſhments of Courtes
" From her parental courſe can now ſeduce her!"

PAGE 22.—GENUINE.

CLXXV.—Rev. Dr. R—ND——PH.

——" Looke ye, Sirs! as a man of holie life and con-
" verſation, I doe expecte to be entreated with all prieſtlie
" reverence!—I'll take the finnes of no *fraile fleſhe* in
" chriſtendom more than what I bear alreadie.—I deli-
" vered the *pacquet royalle* with my own handes, and ſawe
" it *booked*, ' by *the whole dutie of manne!*'—Touchinge the
" *Golden Coinage* of our Sov'rain Liege, I know nought—
" for by the maſſe if it did journie with me it chinked
" not! That I placed this *pacquet* in the right roade to
" ſalvation, is true as lighte! let thoſe who did pervert it
" to purpoſes of darkneſs therefore be reſponſible.—If
" the worlde, putting ' *faithe in my goode workes*,' do be-
" lieve me, ' well!'—if not, I pleade my *benefitte of*
" *Clergy!*"

PAGE 12.—GENUINE.

CLXXVI.—M—n—ſs of ST——F——D.

" Oh, ſhe that bare her did I knowe right well!—
" When deſtined to depart our happie iſle,
" In teares ſhe left it for a foreigne ſhore,
" Though on its beache a *princelie lover* ſtoode!
" Harde now, that fate ſhould blightinglie purſue
" Her faireſt offſpringe, hither driven o'er
" To cull upon her mother's native ſoile
" Some of thoſe bleſſinges which ſhe lefte behind!
" Boldlie I'll ſtand beſide her innocence,
" Though all the browes of power doe frown upon me!"

PAGE 34.—GENUINE.

FORTY-THIRD DAY's TRIAL.

CLXXVII.—Marquis of B—TH.

"Slave! bring me another ſtoope of *Canarie*, and then "leave me to my lucubrations!—In taking offe all my "bon companions, Dame *Fate* hathe rather run me "harde; for nowe am I doom'd, bottle after bottle, to re-"count my loſs of thoſe who popped off before me, like "decayed corkes from wine upon the frette!—So here "inceſſantlie ſit I, to drink a requiem to their jollie "ſoules!"

PAGE 13.—GENUINE.

CLXXVIII.—Hon. Mrs. B—v—rie.

—— "Oh! ſhe hathe an unconquerable ſpirit in "matters of public concerne; and ſo zealous for the "well doinge of the *common weale*, that ſhe kicked her "tailor down ſtaires, onlie, forſoothe, becauſe he had "made a coſtlie robe of ſtate for the Queene's Majeſtie, "when ſhe looked to be ſole *Regent* of the *People!*"

PAGE 103.—*Not* GENUINE.

CLXXIX.—Duke of M—NCH——R.

" I viewed him on the margin of the *Thames*, plyeing " a pair of *oares*, as if he had to earn a ſcantie liveli- " hoode by buffeting the foamie tide!—Whether his " Grace will thus bequalifie himſelf the better for affaires " of ſtate, I wotte not; but, *certes*, he muſt be well " prepared for the worſte of times; becauſe, by the " dexterous uſe of his *ſcull*, he maie contrive at leaſt to " keepe his owne *heade* above the water!"

PAGE 72.—*Not* GENUINE.

CLXXX.—Princeſs S—PH—A of GL———R.

—— " Well might one envie thoſe
" Within the confine of ſome lowlie vale,
" Who paſſe their fleeting lives as nature willes,
" In all the purities of faithful love!
" My ſickening harte for theſe would gladlie yielde
" The titled trappinges which ſo much diſguiſe
" Whate'er ſimplicitie maie challenge in me!"

PAGE 206.—GENUINE.

FORTY-FOURTH DAY's TRIAL.

CLXXXI.—Sir WILLIAM G—RY.

—— "To the SULTAN's prime *Mufti* am I indebitted "for mine election, who deigned to chooſe me publicke "ſpendthrifte of mine own privie purſe for the benefitte "of the State! The nexte honour I do looke for, is a "permiſſion, under his Highneſs's hande and ſeale, to "builde an hoſpitalle for *courtlie lunatiques*, and to be "named ſole Governor thereof myſelfe, at ſpecial times, "whene'er the moone be at her fulle!"

PAGE 54.—GENUINE.

CLXXXII.—Hon. Mrs. N——TH.

——"Oh! there is a giddie worme within this un-
"fubdued fleſhe of mine, that will not die, and which
"neither travelle, nor the arte ſpiritualle of my *mitred*
"LORDE can ever ſette at reſte!"—

PAGE 16.—*Not* GENUINE.

CLXXXIII.—Hon. Capt. GEORGE B—KL—Y.

" The faulte muſt lie at his own doore, if a warfareing " man be not accounted valorous in the world's weake " judgement at the leaſt!—Why hathe he the gifte of " tongue, but to promulgate deedes, which did not reach " the eyes of ordinarie obſervers?—Marry, to make *Fame*'s " records ſurer on your ſide, call forthe the *Limner*'s " arte, which dothe bepaint right luſtilie beyond the " life, and he will ſo beblazon fiction's feates to after- " times, that they ſhall long ſurvive the ſhort-lived va- " loure of your fighting Sirs!"—

PAGE 10.—*Not* GENUINE.

CLXXXIV.—Ducheſs of N—TH—E—D.

" Well maie *Northumbria*'s race in ſoothe be proude
" Of this puiſſante partner of their Chiefe!
" Whate'er in mortal dignitie there be,
" *Sans* queſtion it adornes her lovelie browe,
" Beſuiting well the diadem ſhe weares.
" But high o'er this ſo gracefullie doe peere
" The ſimpler virtues of domeſtique life,
" That ſoone the titled eminence is loſte
" In admiration of the *fairer* WOMAN!"—

PAGE 49.—GENUINE.

FORTY-FIFTH DAY's TRIAL.

CLXXXV.—Earl of L—SD—LE.

—— "That is the manne to my thinking on the ſcore "of valour perſonal, who can *fighte* with all heaven's "creatures more heartilie than *feede* them!—Such an "one is conſtrained to delve into the hungrie bowels "of the lande, in ſearche of wealthe he lacketh not; "thus procreating convulſions under grounde, and making "her people with their mother *earthe* to *quake!*—Of "ſuch almightie men, *Marvino*, they now-a-daies doe "moulde their *Lordes*, ſo that their conſtitntion politique "be not ſapped by more deſperate *underminers!*"

PAGE 27.—*Not* GENUINE.

CLXXXVI.—Mrs. M. A. T—YL—R.

[*Her Second* SUFFRAGE.]

——— " A truce, I praie thee, *Blanche*,
" To all the dulcet flatterie of thy tongue!
" If in the viſion of my dapper Lorde
" So prominent my beautie dothe appeare,
" Bid him no more unaptlie note it downe
" Upon the chilling canvas of an arte,
" But conjugallie give from Nature's touche,
" More glowinge copies of my lovelie ſelfe,
" Though they be framed in *little!*"—

PAGE 34.—GENUINE.

CLXXXVII.—Lord M—LMS——Y.

—— "Oh, Sir, their choice did well devolve on him,
"ſo artfullie ordained to nibble things aſunder!—Marked
"you not, in *Regencies* of yore, how well he did eſſay to
"gnawe the ligatures in twaine, which had ſo long up-
"held the canopie o' the State?—Who then ſo fitte to
"trie his ſkilfulle toothe upon the newer cordage that
"dothe more ſlightlie binde the deſtinies of *France!*—
"Truſt to't, the deede he'll doe, if that his *ratteiſh* noſe
"be not enſnared within the freſh-filed trappe of their
"new republique!"

PAGE 108.—*Not* GENUINE.

CLXXXVIII.—Miſs St—rt.

" Though elder borne of her that gave me life,
" Her vaine propenſities I ne'er did ſhare!
" Soone as the midnight orgies of our houſe,
" With all the revelries of luſtfulle plaie
" Doe'gin their baneful courſe, with traverſe ſlowe
" Within my chambered privacie I hie,
" And there corporeallie obtaine repoſe,
" Awhile my painful and affrighted minde
" Dothe dreame of all the wicked worlde belowe."

Page 12.—*Not* Genuine.

FORTY-SIXTH DAY's TRIAL.

CLXXXIX.—Sir Wm. P—lt—y.

——" Naie, and what of that?—If manne be " borne of earthlie minde, let him be forthwith nomi- " nated Purveyor-General in *peccadilloe* of that duſte, to " which worm-like he muſt returne;—I knewe me " ſuch an one, the ſtrange inhabitant of a venerable " dwellinge, who did eſcape taxation of all windowe " lattices, by contenting himſelfe with the ſimple lu- " minations of his owne braine!—there ſatte he, time " out of patience, exorbitantlie meaſuring forth to needie " trowel-menne, his owne ſoile by the inch ſquare!— " thus he grewe abundant in his wealthe, until the " maine beames of his manſion did becracke with the " ſterling weighte of golde, incontinentlie piled up!"

Page 63.—*Not* Genuine.

CXC.—Madame S—w—l—gh.

" Mine *Got!* but dey doe belie his royalle youthe moſt " marvelouſſie!—By mine trute, but he be growne both " a ſveete, and a goote *Prince!* Vhy—in his grace he now " be ſo font of me, that he dothe viſitte de bedde in mine " affliction, and plaie with efferie littel haire upon mine " cheeke!—then he dothe talke of mine *ducattes* ſo " kindlie, az eef dey vere his owne!—naie, I doe be- " liefe dat he vould kindlie take dem into his own " royalle keepinge, for de comforte of mine old age!— " Oh! he be de ſveeteſt, and de viſeſt *Prince* that ever " did ſpring from the Royalle ſtocke of *Yarmanny!*"

Page 37.—Genuine.

CXCI.—Alderman C—MBE.

—— "Sir, I tell you, though I am a brewer of "*browne ſtoute*, theſe civique honours ſitte not lightlie "on my ſhoulders. True it is, that I have raiſed my- "ſelfe, from a man o' the Common Liverie, to be a chiefe "o'er Common Counſellors i' the *Eaſte*, while my com- "panions i' the *Weſt* did declare unto me, that 'robes "and furred gownes hide all!' Marry, Sir, if that were "ſo, the *Cittes* had not eſpied the *ſhaking of my elbowe* "beneath an Aldermanique gabardine!—I tell you once "againe, theſe civique honours ſitte not light upon me!"

PAGE 28.—GENUINE.

CXCII.—Lady H— S—YM—R.

"Who ſawe ROWENA in her maiden ſtate,
"When all the beauties of a modeſt minde
"Began to peere, and innocentlie blende
"Their tintes with thoſe, which decked her lillie cheeke?
"So ſtill ſhe keepes her captivating ſtores,
"Though on a lovelie race ſhe hathe beſtowed
"Unnumbered graces from her parent ſtocke!"

PAGE 14.—GENUINE.

FORTY-SEVENTH DAY's TRIAL.

CXCIII.—Biſhop W—TS—N.

—— "Suppoſe that he be an ABBOTTE cloathed "in *prieſtehoode*, he will prove no worme-eaten buttraſſe "to our Mother *Churche* on this ſide the grave, or I have "miſta'en his Reverence hugelie! Whilſt his bretheren "in the houre of jeopardie did turn their mitres into "night-cappes, from their meeke propenſitie to dozeing, "he beſtirred luſtilie in his vocation, and ſtoode him "forthe the true defender of our Chriſtianne faithe!— "Hence is he yclep'd the holie *Alchymiſte*, becauſe he "dothe extracte for men's mindes, the puritie of earthlie "comforte from the *cruſcible* of his owne benevolence!"

PAGE 55.—GENUINE.

CXCIV.—Lord C—M—LF—D.

——— " Avaſte, my brinie meſſemates!—if you " thwarte, and turn him blufflie noſe to tide, the ſpraye " of his wrathe will ſouſe ſome of you fore and afte, I " tell ye!—Only eaſe him, d' ye ſee, a point or two from " the winde, and you 'll ride ſafelie with him through " the rougheſt weather!—Neither your Courtes nor " crownettes, bilboes nor baſtinadoes, can warpe him " from ſalt water, which he delights in like a wild- " ducke!—He met the *Algerine* but t' other day, who gave " him ſo ſhort an allowance of comfort on board his " corſair!—my limbs! but he rubbed out the old ſcore " with his rattan upon his *Barbary* ſhoulders, till the " *Sea-calfe* roared out for mercie he had never ſhewn!— " The younker is a pickled fiſh, that's certain—but a " goode office goes with him through life, while a dirtie " one never ſlippes his reckoninge!"

PAGE 27.—GENUINE.

CXCV.—Miſs M—L—E.

" If I could truſte his *Grace*'s melting eyes
" Which doe ſo bufilie befellowe mine,
" I might this fonde interrogating harte
" Now ſette at reſte, and ſweete aſſurance give
" That it hathe ſealed its ſov'raigne hope!—Whate'er
" The fraile accompliſhments I boaſte,
" Theſe let me cheriſh as the beſt of boones,
" In fondeſt with that they may treaſure up
" The nuptial bleſſinge thus ſo proudlie won!"

PAGE 22.—GENUINE.

CXCVI.—Lord R—LLE.

—— " *Certes*, SIRE, a man may plaie the foole in " lowe life in order to his exaltation; but having at- " tained a Lordſhippe paramount, he cannot continue to " execute the humble things that appertain themſelves " to ſimple common-hoode!—True it is, my LIEGE, " that our *vaſſalage* of DEVONNE have ſwerved from " their betrothed allegiance to the Ruler of your State. " Deign you to aſke, why I, with all my mighte and " zeale, did not prevent it?—my anſwer, SIRE, is ſhort- " lie this: I could have diſperſed the ſturdie knaves " with the bare breathe of my lordlie noſtrils, though " they had ſwarmed like *pilchardes* on our coaſte; but " ſince it did bepleaſe your Highneſſe to ſhape from me " a PEER of Brittaine's realme—marry I've other *fiſhe* " *to frie!*"

PAGE 12.—GENUINE.

FORTY-EIGHTH DAY's TRIAL.

CXCVII.—Lady Eliz. L—t—l.

" What an *Iriſhe howle* is here ſette up, about the " departure of a paltrie *rouleau* of light guineas, for " which I gave a draughte upon my monie-holder's " banke, for value not received!—A *Bill of Plaie*, not " being ſtamped for honourable purpoſe, ought not, by " legalle cuſtom of exchange, to be dulie honoured; " therefore did I *counter-cheque* my order, which, in the " weakneſſe of womanhoode, I had iſſued; and for this " onlie hathe my faire fame been ſcandalouſlie beſlurred " throughout the capital!—But if I have not ample ven- " geance on that *dealer* in *odde trickes*, may I never ſette " cocke upon a carde againe!"

Page 321.—Genuine.

CXCVIII.—Mr. T—RN—R,

——" Canvaſſe me the voters wives of *Southwarke*, " for I muſt batter the huſtinges once more with the " cuckoldie heades of their Lordes and Maſters!—Since " no lawe, dead or living, can denominate this a *treate*, " kiſſe me alſo their ſpinſter daughters throughout the " *Mint*, being heedful that the huſſies do not warmlie " paie you back in your own *coine!*—Having ſtayed the " *trencher* worke of my opponent, perchance I may the " electors ſtarve into a juſt opinion of mine own *deſert*.— " I have told them roundlie, that a *freed-man* muſt come " to the *polle* with an *emptie ſtomach*, to preſerve a *ſounde* " *conſtitution*, and that he can ſwallowe nought but my " wordes without a deep tranſgreſſion of the ſtatute " lawe:—if this avail me not, there will be no trap- " pinge the warie knaves, either *full*, or *faſtinge!*"

PAGE 123.—GENUINE.

CXCIX.—Hon. Miſs H——y.

——— "By my knighthoode but ſhe is a comlie "laſſe! and ſo expert a miſtreſſe in the arte of *ſignalles*, "that ſhe can make you a *mirrour* of her own *'kerchiefe*, "and, by the quickneſſe of her eye, reade its reflected "anſwers from one ſtreete's end to the other. In good "ſoothe, this faire dame is in a faire way to be mar-"velouſlie *ſignalized!*"

PAGE 73.—*Not* GENUINE.

CC.—Mr. W—LB—F—CE.

" Mark me nowe, Honourable Sirs! although manne's " conſcience be *enſlaved*, may not his bodie ſtill be free, " and active to the warie purports of his minde!—For " mine own parte, I had, in *Chriſtianne* veritie, an earlie " *calle* unto the humbler pathes of *grace*;—whate'er the " proffitte of it be in this vaine worlde, I take it as a " foretaſte of my future recompence in that which is to " come!—Nay, and it be our ſacred privilege, goode Se- " nators, to trafficke in *pietie*, we muſt be allowed to " barter the ſuperfluxe of *ſpiritual concerns*, to inſure our " own *political ſalvation!*"

PAGE 37.—*Not* GENUINE.

FORTY-NINTH DAY's TRIAL.

CCI.—Lady S—MP—N.

—— " If ſhe be an old *Puſs* too proude and ſtatelie " to catch a mouſe i' the barne, ſhe were as well, for the " quiet of the houſe, to be without her clawes!—A mur- " rain ſeize your *tabbie* CATTES, ſay I!—what a ſpittinge " and meweinge doe they ſette up, to make the braw- " linges of a high winde more hideous! Woe betide the " reſtleſs tenants of that roofe, o'er the pann-tiles of " which theſe whiſkered wizzardes doe rantipole it ſo " ſhrewiſhlie!"

PAGE 10.—GENUINE.

CCII.—Mr. C. Atk———n.

—— " Bleffe the poore manne's odde wittes, that " will never let his heade refte but in ſtations too ex- " alted! Here have they thruſte it once more into our " *Senate Houſe*, where the wagges doe throwe their jokes " and jibes more cuttinglie about them, that your poul- " terers wives their filthie egges at Martin-maſſe!"

Page 57.—Genuine

CCIII.—Ald———n P—ck—t.

——"When they did expunge thoſe emptie heades
"from off the frontlet of our Citie's gate, mine own was
"ſette thereon, and did moſt wittinglie deviſe how to
"diſmantle our *Temple's barre* to pub'ique inter-curſion.
"It doth ſeeme, to builde a civique fame, one muſt be
"conſtrained to pull you down the ſtouter workes of an-
"tient men!—But the minde, my maſters, muſt be kept
"in concuſſion, or the braine of an ordinarie citizen
"would ſoon curdle over, like greene duck-weede on a
"gardenne ponde!"

PAGE 1.—GENUINE.

CCIV.—Lady H—TRC—TE.

——"Oh ſhe dothe ſweetlie bende
"The mirthfulle gaieties of poliſhed life
"Unto the meede of Chriſtian *charitie!*
"Marke where ſhe leades the rural maſque, or balle,
"And viewe her faire companions i' the ſcene;
"Though riche in charmes, in ſimple veſtes they're cladde,
"Wrought all by ſpinſters' handes in hamlettes rounde!
"'Tis thus that mirthe and innocence doe twine
"Their ſtaple virtues to adorne the minde!"

PAGE 37.—GENUINE.

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END OF VOL. II.

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